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THE GARLAND.

TO THE OCEAN.

(From Polak's "COEUR DE TIGRE.")
"Great Ocean too, that morning, thou the call
Of restitution hearest, and reverently
To the trumpet's voice in silence listened!
Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons!
Unconquerable, unopposed, untired!
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In Nature's anthem, and made music, such
As pleased the ear of God. Original,
Unmarred, unadorned work of Deity;
And unobscured by mortal puny skill.
From age to age enduring and unchanged;
Majestic, immitable, vast,
Lead uttering entire day and night on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man. Unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou hast by thy glorious hand to none, fearfullest none,
Rescued man, to none didst honour, but to God.
Thy maker—only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance. Undiscovered sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep,
Beneath all visible retired, none went,
And came again, to tell the wonders there,
Tremendous sea! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pebbles took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly—the pride of avies fell;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sunk friend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
And on thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,
Follie and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
Infinite, eternity; and thought
And wondered still, and grasped, & grasped, & grasped
Again,—beyond her reach exerting all
The soul to take thy great idea in,
To comprehend incomprehensible;
And wondered more, and felt thy littleness.
Self-purifying, unpolled sea!
Lower unchangeable! thy faithful breast
For ever leaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience; nor was wooed in vain,
That morning, thou that slumbered not before,
Nor slept, great Ocean! laid thy waves to rest,
And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy. No breath
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar;
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell
From angel-chariots sentinelled on high,
Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,
Thy dead arise."

THE WILDERNESS.

There is a wilderness more dark
Than grove's of fir on Huron's shore,
And in that dreary region—dark!
What serpents hiss, what monsters roar.
'Tis not in the untrodden isles
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,
Where social comfort never smiles,
Nor sun-beams pierce that tangled brake!
Nor is it in the deepest shade
Of India's tiger-haunted wood,
Nor western forest unsunned,
Where crouching panthers lurk for blood.
It is the dark untraced soul
By Education unrefined,
Where hissing malice—vices foul,
And all the hateful passions grow—
The frightful wilderness of mind. (Selects Osborn)

THE MISCELLANIST.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—It is curious to learn what has become of the different members of this once all-powerful family. The comte de Survilliers [Joseph] is a farmer in the U. States; in a letter dated 26th Dec. 1826 to a lady in Europe, he says:—"I think it would be scarcely rational to think of quitting a country where I find all that the old world wants. The separation from my friends is the sole consideration to set against its advantages. I know not that I shall ever see them again; the rulers of Europe must first know me for what I am, and this is too much to hope from human passion." Zenaide, the eldest daughter of Joseph, has married the prince of Massignano, son of the prince of Canino [Lucien]; the youngest daughter is married to the eldest son of the comte de St. Leu [Louis]. These young people live at Florence, near the wife of Joseph, the comtesse Survilliers, a person who bears an extremely amiable character.
The princess of Borghese, at her death left them a considerable fortune. The comte de St. Leu (Louis) has long been afflicted with rheumatism, to such a degree as to deprive him of many enjoyments. He gives himself up to literary pursuits chiefly; his late production, the answer to Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, is insignificant enough, considered as an answer, although it contains two or three remarkable points, such as his protest against war and the punishment of death. He lives alternately at Rome and Florence. His wife Hortense, the dutchess of St. Leu, makes Rome her winter residence, and in summer she inhabits her beautiful seat of Arenberg, on the lake of Constance. She is said to lead a life worthy of the daughter of Josephine.
The prince of Canino (Lucien) has for some time dwelt at Rome and in the principality of which he bears the name. In 1827 he resided with his numerous family at Sinigaglia, a little town near Ancona. Some unlucky speculations having diminished his fortune, he has sold his palace at Rome to the Prince de Montfort, his brother (Jerome). One of his daughters is married to prince Gabrieli; two others to Eoglishmen—one of them Lord Stuart. The prince de Montfort, (Jerome), by his legitimate connexion with the sister of the king of Wirtemberg, still maintains some regal state, and continues to be courted by the ambassadors representatives of the northern powers. The comtesse de Lipano (princess Murat) has not yet obtained permission to join her family in Italy. She is in Austria. Her eldest daughter is married to comte Hapoli, a Bolognese nobleman; Archilles, the eldest son, has purchased consi-

derable domains in the Floridas. Lucien, his younger brother, is in South America.

CREDIT.—The facility with which credit is obtained by men in business, often operates as much to their own prejudice as to those who give credit and suffer losses thereby. In a time of prosperity, it is hard to be satisfied with reasonable advances and profits. If an individual has gained a thousand dollars in a year without meeting any reverses, he will be exceedingly apt to believe that this sum may be easily doubled. Credit enables him to make the experiment; if the times continue prosperous, it proves perhaps a successful one; if otherwise, a partial or entire ruin is the consequence. The practice of doing a business out of proportion to the capital employed, and on the strength of credit, is always hazardous, and never more so, probably, than at this time. A single reverse—one heavy loss, may deprive him of the confidence of the community, and thereby take from him the imaginary foundation on which he had before sustained himself. Although in fact, at a fair estimate, he may be worth a handsome estate, yet his property under the hammer, is not sufficient to satisfy his creditors, and in an unexpected moment he becomes a bankrupt. Hundreds every year, doubtless, find themselves in this situation from these causes. The easy interference from these observations, is, that at all times a snug business with a moderate income, is better than a larger one without an adequate capital, even with the fairest prospects of success. But there are sometimes reverses to be encountered which the utmost prudence could not foresee or avert, and are to be submitted to as inevitable misfortunes.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE TURKS.

Taken en masse, the Turks are the finest looking race of men in the world: their oval heads, arching brows, jetty eyes, and aquiline noses, their lofty figures and stately mien are all set off to full advantage, by their ample robes and graceful turbans; all is ease and proportion about a Turk; there are no angles or straight lines in his features or person; in all we find the pure curve of manly beauty and majestic grace. It is inconceivable what a miserable figure an Englishman or a European makes beside him: his black unmeaning hat, barlequin pantaloon, and hard collar, straight cut coat, (which will one day puzzle those of posterity who shall be antiquaries in costume,) contrast so villainously with the picturesque head dress, ample trowsers, and floating pelisse of the Ottoman, whilst his glossy beard flings contempt on the effeminate chio of the clipped and docked European. His arms, for "in the East all arms," usually consist of a pair of superbly chased pistols, stuck in a silken sash; a yataghan, with a jewelled handle; a large and more clumsy knife, called a banjar, and the scymalar swinging in a scabbard, covered with green or crimson velvet, (as the owner, being an Emir or otherwise, is entitled to carry it,) and ornamented with bosses of gold. The latter is, in general, the most important and valuable portion of his arms, or even of his property. I have seen some blades which were valued at 200 or 250 dollars.—*Letters from the Egean.*

STRUCTURE OF THE SPONGE.

If a common sponge be carefully examined in a microscope, it will appear to be furnished with galleries and compartments, which rival, in intricacy and number, those of the celebrated labyrinth of Crete; the ramified entrances of a marine pavilion, gradually extending upwards, and sending forth branches in different directions, till they at length unite, and form a compound reticulation throughout the sponge. The extremities of the upper shoots are furnished with small openings at the ends of their fibres; and as we trace these fibres downwards from the openings, a soft whitish substance may be discovered filling the internal hollow part of the ramification throughout the whole sponge, which ramifications resemble cat-gut, are of an amber color, and are undoubtedly the habitations of a particular kind of zoophytes; for, although we cannot distinguish either vesicles or cells, nor discover any other kind of organization than that of a variety of hollow tubes inflected and wrought together into a multitude of agreeable forms, some branching like corals, or expanding like fungus, many rising like a column, others resembling a hollow inverted pyramid with irregular cavities, entrances, or apertures, yet, from many obvious resemblances to different other kinds of marine productions, as well as from the chemical analysis of sponges in general, we are amply justified in referring to the class of animal productions.

A SCENE IN NORWAY.

I here saw, for the first time, growing in a wild state, that most lovely of flowers, the Lily of the Valley. It stood every where around, scenting the air, and in such profusion, that it was scarcely possible to step, without bruising its tender stalks and beautiful blossoms. I have not seen this flower mentioned in any enumeration of Norwegian plants; but it grows in all the western parts of Norway, in latitude 59 and 60, wherever the ground is free from forest, in greater abundance than any other flower. In this day's walk, I could not avoid again remarking the exuberance of vegetation which summer calls forth in the 60th degree of latitude. Flowers of every description enamelled the earth, the wild fruits, strawberries, raspberries, and many other species of berries of which I knew nothing clambered the bushes, and were fast advancing to maturity. Trees, too, and various shrubs, hung

in every crevice of the rocks; and upon examining the spot, it was impossible to discover whence they derived their nourishment. Had it not been for the extreme heat, my walk would have been full of enjoyment. The views were sometimes magnificent, always picturesque and ever changing. Little mountain turns occasionally gleamed through the openings. At times, the noise of a distant cataract coming and dying away, filled the silent valley: then all was hushed again. Now and then, a sparkling, tuneful spring, welled, bubbling in your path. Sometimes a wandering cloud, sailing in the deep azure above, threw a momentary shadow on the sunny activities. Once an eagle, seeming a speck in the heavens, soared unutterably high, and then, with majestic swoop, sunk below a towering pinnacle; while at short intervals were heard, far upwards, the tinkling bells of the flocks, which were now enjoying their summer grazing among the mountains.—*Contway's Norway.*

NEW TALES.—We have had plenty of national tales, and fashionable tales; now commence the epoch of professional tales. Soldiers and sailors, as in their duty in all dangerous paths, have led the way; but surely they will not be long alone in this career. The public are doubtless prepared for Tales of a Lawyer's Life; in which he will paint the dangers of a suit, the hairbreadth escapes of his honesty; and communicate to the reader the breathless interest naturally created by the doubtful issue of the law and the changeable fate of property. Tales of Medical Life are another fine field for the professional novelist: how many nice subjects for the modern eposia among the cases of an extensive practitioner! How well adapted are the accidents and the diseases of mankind to bring out the natural emotions of the heart—to produce situations of the utmost delicacy and difficulty! "Tales of a Sheriff's Office" would sound often in Mr. Colburn's list. That functionary well performs his duties amidst the most heart-rending scenes: he comes in at the most interesting point of time, and his entrance is always marked by an event. If perdue there should anywhere lurk a latent bailliff of genius in the sweet romantic neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, our suggestion may be worth more to him than a thousand captures.—*Spectator.*

THE VAMPIRE.—Is a species of bat, said to attack the feet of persons in the night, and, by insinuating its aculeated fangs into the vein without winking the sufferer. It is said that death sometimes ensues. They have teeth like a dog, and make a great noise when eating. They are found in Guinea, Madagascar, and in all the Islands of the Indian Ocean. Also in the Islands of the Pacific, and in South America. They are sometimes very large—four and five feet from tip to tip of their wings.

They are said to fly in great flocks from one island to another, darkening the atmosphere by their numbers. This animal probably gave rise to the fable of the Harpies, or rather is the very monster they describe. They are covered with hair like a bat, and their wings are mere membranes. The pupil of the eye never contracts; hence they see best after the sun is set, and remain stationary during the day. The ancients esteemed them demons.—*Journal of the Times.*

THE GLOW-WORM.

That pretty sparkler of our summer evenings, so often made the ploughboy's prize, the only brilliant that glitters in the rustic's hat, the glow-worm (*Lampyrus noctilucæ*), is not found in such numbers with us, as in many other places, where these signal tapers glimmer upon every grassy bank; yet, in some seasons, we have a reasonable sprinkling of them. Every body probably knows that the male glow-worm is a winged, erratic animal, yet may not have seen him. He has ever been a scarce creature to me, meeting perhaps with one or two in a year; and, when found, always a subject of admiration. Most creatures have their eyes so placed as to be enabled to see about them; or, as Hook says of the house fly, to be "circumspect animals;" but this male glow-worm has a contrivance by which any upwards or side vision is prevented. Viewed when at rest, no portion of his eyes is visible, but the head is margined with a horny band, or plate, being a character of one of the genera of the order of coleoptera, which they are situate. This prevents all upward vision; and blinds, or winkers, are so fixed at the sides of his eyes, as greatly to impede the view of all lateral objects. The chief end of this creature in his nightly peregrinations, is to seek his mate, always beneath him on the earth; and hence this apparatus appears designed to facilitate his search, confining his view entirely to what is before or below him. The first serves to direct his flight, the other presents the object of his pursuit; and as we commonly, and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above, which enables us to see clearly the object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath. This is a very curious provision for the purposes of the insect, if my conception of its design be reasonable. Possibly the same ideas may have been brought forward by others; but, as I have not seen them, I am not guilty of any undue appropriation, and no injury can be done to the cause I wish to promote, by detailing again such beautiful and admirable contrivances.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

RUSSIAN PRISON DISCIPLINE.—Among the regulations laid down in the prison at St. Pe-

tersburgh, for criminals, are the following: They are obliged, from March to November 1, to rise at five; and from the latter to the former period at six o'clock in the morning. Half an hour is allowed for washing themselves, half an hour for prayer. One of them is appointed to read a chapter of the New Testament, and another a psalm, aloud. Their breakfast consists of rye bread and salt; and after it, they are allowed to walk for an half an hour. The hours of working are from seven to twelve o'clock in the morning, and two to seven in the afternoon. During working, silence is commanded; and those who disobey are fed on bread and water. At finishing their employments for the day, all their tools are taken from them. From seven to half-past seven o'clock in the evening they are again permitted to walk in the yard; at the expiration of this time one reads a chapter in the Testament. At eight o'clock they sup, after which half an hour is allowed for their devotions. On Sabbaths and holidays the criminals attend the prison chapel; the remainder of these days are employed in receiving religious advice from the clergyman. Spirituous liquors, articles of luxury and extravagance, gambling, stinging, smoking tobacco, &c. are expressly forbidden.—*Rae Wilson's Travels.*

Bewick, in his history of Quadrupeds, relates a story of a dog, who, in 1784, had been left on the coast of Northumberland, by the crew of a smuggling vessel. Finding himself deserted, and without food, he began to worry sheep and was soon the terror of the country. He would bite a hole in the right side of the poor animals, eat the fat about the kidneys, and then leave them. The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that very extraordinary means were used for his destruction: they chased him with dogs, as they would a fox or wolf; but when the dogs came up to their guilty fellow, he invariably laid down in a supplicating posture, and thus they could never be induced to harm him. He was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles distance; but he returned thither, and killed sheep the same evening. He was at last shot after three months' career of murder, upon a rock which commanded a view of four roads; and where he constantly sat, like a guilty outlaw, watching the approach of his pursuers, and ready for escape.

A MILITARY AWARD.—Captain S.

of the _____ regiment, during the American war, was notorious for a propensity, not to story-telling, but to telling long stories, which he used to indulge in, defiance of time and place, often to the great annoyance of his immediate companions; but he was so good-humoured, that they were loath to check him abruptly or harshly. An opportunity occurred of giving him a hint, which had the desired effect. He was a member of a court-martial assembled for the trial of a private of the regiment. This man bore a very good character in general, the offence he had committed was slight, and the court was rather at a loss what punishment to award, for it was requisite to award some, as the man had been found guilty. While they were deliberating on this, Major _____, now General Sir _____, suddenly turning to the president, said, in his dry manner, "Suppose we sentence him to hear two of Captain S.'s long stories."

SINGULAR CATECHISM.—Suchet, in his Memoirs of the Spanish War, says, in illustration of the hatred borne by the Spaniards to their invaders that a catechism was circulated containing the following questions and answers:—"What duty do we owe our neighbour? We are bound to love him, and to do him all the good in our power. What is meant by our neighbour? All mankind excepting Frenchmen. Are we at liberty to kill the French? Not only we may, but it is our duty to do so."

Lord Wharceliffe has somewhat startled the English gentry, by introducing in the House of Lords a bill to allow the selling of game, which he argued would do away with much of the crime which now swells the lists of the English assizes. Lord Malmesbury opposed the proposition, and in his speech gave the following picture of a "country gentleman."

"Let Noble Lords consider the advantages derived from the residence of country gentlemen on their estates, and not take away the principal inducement to do so by adopting this bill. Countrymen are made of the same materials as the rest of mankind;—when left in solitude, they must have amusement; if not, they will visit the metropolis in search of it. I would rather see them in their fields than in pursuit of the pleasures of the town, and in order to keep them in the country, I think they should receive the bonus of the Game Laws, which in this way are productive of more good than evil. To think that country gentlemen are to walk about through their fields with Aristotle in their hands, by way of pastime, is absurd."

It is rumored the new Pope intends to abolish celibacy among the clergy. It is remarkable that the Romish Church should ever have required celibacy of its ministers, since Peter, the great Patron of that faith, is the only one among the Apostles, who is mentioned in the scriptures as having been married.—"Peter's wife's mother, lay sick of a fever."

SOLON'S PHILOSOPHY.—Solon's philosophy did not seem to be of a very austere cast, when he said that women, wine, and the muses constituted the pleasures of human life.

EXCERPTS.

A true and faithful friend is a living treasure, inestimable while we have him, and never enough to be lamented when he is gone. There is nothing more ordinary than to talk of a friend, nothing more difficult than to find one, and nowhere more wanted than where there seems to be the greatest store.—*Human Prudence.*

The good wife is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and, if of high parentage, she does not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by practice.—*Fuller.*

LYING.—As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.—*Swift.*

The true art of conversation seems to be this; an agreeable freedom and openness, with a reserve as little appearing as possible.—*Tillotson.*

'Tis a fair step towards happiness and virtue, to delight in the conversation of good and wise men; and where that cannot be had, the next point is to keep no company at all.—*Seneca.*

Servants live the best lives; for their care is single only how to please their lord; but all the burthen of a troublesome providence and administration makes the outside pompous and more full of ceremony; but intricates the condition and disturbs the quiet of the great possessor.—*Jer. Taylor.*

SINCERITY.—Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—*Archbishop Tillotson's Rule of Life.*

It frequently happens, that by indulging early the raptures of success, we forget the measures necessary to secure it, and suffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of some possible good, till the time of obtaining it has slipped away.—*Rambler.*

More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Young.*

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—*South.*

THE REFLECTOR.

A WONDERFUL BOOK.—We are so accustomed to the sight of a Bible, that it ceases to be a miracle to us. It is printed just like other books, and so we are apt to forget that it is not like other books. But there is nothing in the world like it, or comparable to it. The sun in the firmament is nothing to it, if it be really what it assumes to be—an actual direct communication from God to man. Take up your Bible with this idea, and look at it, and wonder at it. It is a treasure of unspeakable value to you, for it contains a special message of love and tender mercy from God to your soul. Do you wish to converse with God? Open it and read. And at the same time, look to him who speaks to you in it, and ask him to give you an understanding heart, that you may not read in vain, but that the word may be in you as good seed in good ground bringing forth fruit unto eternal life.—Only take care not to separate God from the Bible. Read it in the secret of God's presence, and receive it from his lips, and feed upon it and it will be unto you as it was to Jeremiah, the joy and rejoicing of your heart. The best advice which any one friend can give to another, is that he should consult God; and the best turn that any book can do its reader, is to refer him to the Bible.

Let us seek to know more of the Bible, but in doing so, let us remember, that however much we may add by study to our knowledge of the book, we have just so much the less knowledge of God; we have less love to him, and no more. Our continual prayer ought to be, that our true notions may become true feelings, and that our orthodoxy and theology may become holy love and obedience. This is the religion of eternity; and the religion of eternity is the only religion for us—for yet a few days, and we shall be in eternity.—*Erskine on the freeness of the Gospel.*

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.—Of all counsellors, a mother is certainly the most affectionate and disinterested; and she has that complete knowledge of the dispositions and circumstances of her children, which eminently qualifies her for giving advice. To none can you speak with such confidence as to her, nor will any one listen with such patient attention to your statements. Others may disclose your difficulties and your scruples to your prejudices; but in the breast of a mother they are lodged as safely as in your own.

Others may be influenced by sinister motives in the counsel which they give, but those of a mother flow from the purest and strongest wishes for your welfare. And her counsels are given with the utmost mildness. The advice of others are sometimes given in that haughty manner which seeks to establish a claim to superiority in intelligence and sanctity, or with such harsh reflections on our weakness and folly, as are more likely to exasperate than to humble or reclaim; but a mother's counsels are characterized by gentleness and benignity, and though they have been despised in time past, she is still willing to renew them. The loss of such a monitor must be a grievous calamity.

Some of you are probably now calling to remembrance those mild exhortations by which a mother checked the excesses of your passion, and showed you the folly of those desperate measures to which you were prompted by revenge; the advice which kept you from forming friendships which would have been a snare to you, and the warnings which taught you to detect the treachery that was concealed by smiles, and the plans of ruin which were recommended by the most plausible assurances of gain or enjoyment. And how sad is the thought, that the spirit endowed with so much wisdom and prudence has left you to walk in your own counsels, and that painful anxieties and mistakes are before you!—*Beffrage's Monitor.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. ROWLAND HILL.—At a late meeting of a missionary society in London, Rev. R. Hill was called to the Chair. Upon a vote of thanks being moved, he replied, by expressing a hope, that his services had been dedicated to God his Saviour, ever since he had tasted the joys of his redeeming love. Genuine believers were bought with a price, and were bound in conscience before God, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to present their bodies, living sacrifices to his glory. All thanks, therefore, on such occasions as these, he thought had better be laid aside; they were very cheap, and in some instances, not worth having; but he should certainly thank the assembly most of all, for a good *flaming* collection.

Mr. J. Parkin